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JAMES BARNABY, Jr., General Agent.

BENJAMIN S. JONES,
J. ELIZABETH JONES, } Editors.

PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:—Samuel Brookes,
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From the National A. S. Standard.
Lyander Spooner on the Constitution.

"DOMESTIC SLAVERY IS THE MOST PROMINENT FEATURE IN THE ARISTOCRATIC COUNTENANCE OF THE PROPOSED CONSTITUTION."—*Gouverneur Morris in the Convention of 1787.* Madison Papers.

Having finished the consideration of Mr. Spooner's first two points, namely, that the people never intended to sanction slavery, and that even if they did, the Constitution, legally interpreted, does not sanction it,—we pass to his third and last argument:

That there was no constitutional or legal slavery existing in the States in 1789, to which the pro-slavery clauses, if they really are any, in the United States Constitution, could apply, or can now apply.

In attempting to sustain this position, he argues as follows:

1st. The Colonial Charters did not authorize the establishment of slavery here.

2d. The English Statutes never recognized it.

3d. If it were tolerated here, the decision of Lord Mansfield, in the *Somerset* case, 1772, put an end to its legal existence.

4th. The Colonial Statutes establishing it were void, because they did not sufficiently define the persons who were to be slaves.

5th. The Declaration of Independence abolished it.

6th. The Articles of Confederation do not refer to it, and the State Constitutions of 1789 are either inconsistent with the existence of any such institution, or wholly silent about it.

We shall notice each of these points in order, and as briefly as possible.

1st. "The Colonial Charters did not authorize the establishment of slavery here."

Mr. Spooner says (p. 21):

The general provisions of those charters, as will be seen from the extracts given in the note, were, that the laws of the colonies should not be repugnant or contrary, but, as nearly as circumstances would allow, conformable to the laws, statutes, and rights of our kingdom of England.

Slavery, he thinks, utterly inconsistent with the common law, which was adopted throughout the colonies. To this point he cites the following language of the Supreme Court, who, quoting the New Hampshire Charter, remark upon it thus:

"The charter of New Hampshire provided, 'So always that the same be conformable to such laws, and the judgment thereupon to be given, be as consonant and agreeable to the laws and statutes of this our realm of England, as the present state and condition of our subjects inhabiting within the limits aforesaid, (i. e. of the province), and the circumstances of the place will admit.' Independent, however, of such a provision, we take it to be a clear principle that the common law in force at the emigration of our ancestors, is deemed the birthright of the colonies, unless so far as it is applicable to their situation, or repugnant to their rights and privileges. *A fortiori* the principle applies to a royal province." (9 *Cranch's United States Reports*, 332-3.)

In reply to this, nothing more is necessary, than to point the reader to the qualifications contained in the above extracts. The laws are to be conformable to English law, "as nearly as circumstances allow," "as the present state and condition of our subjects, and the circumstances of the place will admit."

The common law is adopted, "unless so far as it is inapplicable to their situation." Now these exceptions are broad enough to drive a coach and six through, "as was said of a famous English statute, or as we once heard Elihu Burritt assert, 'If you make a breach in the golden rule, no matter how small it be, Hell and all its legions can pass through.'"

The Colonial Assemblies and the King were to judge how far, and when "circumstances," and "their state and condition," &c. &c. rendered it necessary to depart from their English model. The only question is one of fact and history, how far did they find it necessary to do so, and what laws did they enact in consequence? If we open the Statutes enacted by these colonies under their Charters, and approved by the Kings, who granted the Charters, we shall find they all legalized the Slave Trade and Slavery. It is too late now to say that such acts were not warranted by their Charters. They were the judges whether, and how far, it was necessary to vary from English law, and they have declared, by their acts, that they judged it necessary. Their decision, when approved by the King, is final. There is no appeal. As Mr. Spooner does not deny that the Colonies tried to make laws, and as such attempts are conclusive proof that they thought such laws "allowed by their state, condition, and circumstances," and that the common law on this subject was "inapplicable,"—and further, as they are allowed by the Charters to be the only and final judges of the matter, we consider this point settled,—and the consistency of slave laws with the Charters made out.

2d. The English Statutes never recognized slavery here.—(pp. 21, 25.)

Mr. Spooner must be a Tory in disguise, or a tyrant in law, to imagine that it was necessary they should do so in order to render the system legal. Has he read our history so superficially,—has he omitted that some of the most important (7) pages of it, the Revolutionary discussions of 1775, so entirely, as not to know that, who should vote here, how property should be divided and held, who should marry and how—a word all individual rights, and relations, and all matters of property, were settled by Colonial laws and customs—and that this we claimed as our dearest birthright? Aye, and fought for it seven years? No matter, as to this question of domestic slavery, what English laws said, the question is, what did American law say? Every citizen knows this.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

VOL. 2.—NO. 40.

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WHOLE NO. 92.

Mr. Spooner says, that parliamentary toleration of the Slave Trade could not make slavery—the right of property in man—lawful anywhere, not even on board the slave ship.—(p. 23.)

This is strange, we might almost add, foolish doctrine. All laws must have a reasonable interpretation. The right "to declare war," given to Congress, means, of course, not only to say that war exists, but to carry it on, otherwise Congress does not possess that power. So "to raise and support armies," means not merely to keep these expensive bandies, but to use them.—(Story *Comm.* 1, 412.) Mr. Spooner tells us, (p. 66,) that the right to keep and bear arms, "accorded by the Constitution to the people," implies the right to use them, as a provision to buy and keep food, would imply the right to eat it." Plainly, then, when Parliament allows men to trade in slaves, thereby affirming it to be legally right to do so, they implicitly allow them to hold and own that which they permitted to buy and sell. This is too plain to need argument.

Mr. Spooner says, speaking of slavery itself:

"It is also doubtful whether Parliament had the power—or perhaps rather it is certain that they had not the power—to legalize it anywhere, if they had attempted to do so."

"Have Parliament the constitutional prerogative of abolishing the writ of *habeas corpus*?"

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Spencer, who quotes liberally from it, never got so far as to see it—of "Negroes on ornamental occasions." Yet Mr. Spooner thinks there is nothing in this Statute to show that "negroes" means slaves, or that they are considered property!

3d. If slavery was tolerated here, the decision of Lord Mansfield, in the *Somerset* case, 1772, put an end to its legal existence. James Somerset was the slave of Charles Stewart, of Virginia, by whom he was carried thence to London, in 1769. Sometime after he quitted Mr. Stewart's who thereupon had him seized and placed on board ship to be carried to Jamaica. Granville Sharpe caused him to be brought before Lord Mansfield, on a writ of *habeas corpus*, to try the question, "whether a slave, by coming into England, became free?" Lord Mansfield, in 1772, decided that no slaveholder could exercise any authority over his slave while in England, or could carry a slave out of England without his consent. [The English Courts have since held, that if a slave chooses to leave England and return to a slave country, he resumes the condition of a slave.]

So far as the case of Somerset has any reference to the Colonies, it recognizes the legal existence of slavery in Virginia. For the arguments of Counsel and the decision of Mansfield, all proceed on the supposition, that at home, in Virginia, Somerset was a slave. The decision was, that a person held as a slave abroad, if once landed in England, could not be taken thence against his will. Now if Somerset was not a slave in Virginia, the whole case proceeded on a mistake. As far as this case goes, therefore, it recognizes the legal existence of slavery in Virginia.

The case of Somerset was adopted in the Colonies to the extent to which it went. Those Colonies which abolished slavery, (Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Hampshire, &c.) either refused, under its authority, to deliver up slaves brought or flying into their limits, or specially provided on what conditions masters should be allowed to bring their slaves with them.

The Somerset case has never been supposed to have any further reference to the Colonies than that above specified. Instead of deciding slavery to be illegal here, it made no decision respecting American slavery either way. But if it is to be quoted at all, the only thing found in it is a timid recognition of the legal existence of slavery in Virginia.

4th. The Colonial Statutes establishing, or relating to slavery, are void, because they do not define the persons who were to be slaves.

In most of the English Colonies in America, slavery originated in custom. Such laws usually been its origin wherever it has existed. Some of the Colonies afterwards regulated, recognized, and established it by particular statutes; some left it to that irregular custom in which it commenced. In this respect, black slavery, on this side the water, exactly resembled white slavery (villeinage) in the mother country. Both originated in custom, and the rules regulating each were, from time to time, laid down by Courts, or by the Legislatures, as it chanced.

If to this we add the fact, that "all customs must have a reasonable beginning," and that *malus usus aboleretur*, (a bad custom is to be disregarded), we shall reply:

1st. Why did not these maxims of the common law, if they are to be taken literally, abolish villeinage (white slavery) in England? Any explanation which makes them consistent with that system of slavery, will show that they were consistent with our slave system.

2d. We reply, with Lord Coke, that "reasonable is not to be understood of every unlearned man's reason, but of legal and artificial reason, warranted by authority of law." And with Sir William Scott, (Lord Stowell), "when it is cried out that 'bad customs are to be disregarded,' it is first to be proved, that, even in the consideration of England, the custom of slavery is considered a bad custom in the Colonies."

But Mr. Spooner goes further, and asserts that slavery cannot legally originate in custom. It must be authorized, he says, from the very first by express statute. He founds this opinion on the language of Mansfield; which is the only evidence he quotes in support of such a novel and strange idea. See the remarks in our last, of Lord Stowell's, as to slavery in Antigua, 2 *Hagg. 21*. In the *Somerset* case, Mansfield said:

"So high an act of dominion must be recognized by the law of the country where it is used. * * * The state of slavery is of such a nature, that it is incapable of being introduced on any reasons, moral or political—but only positive law, which preserves its force long after the reasons, occasion, and time itself from whence it was created, is erased from the memory. It is so odious that nothing can be suffered to support it but positive law."

From this Mr. Spooner infers, as follows:

"Slavery, then, being the creature of positive legislation alone, can be created only by persons to be made slaves, that they may be distinguished from all others. If there be any doubt left by the *letter* of the law, as to the persons to be made slaves, the efficacy of all other slave legislation is defeated simply by that uncertainty. * * * Custom imparts to slavery no legal sanction."—(p. 22, and see p. 24.)

We confess we do not see anything of this in the remarks of Lord Mansfield. He says merely that slavery must be created by positive law, but not a word as to the exactness with which the persons must be pointed out and distinguished. All this is Mr. Spooner's addition.

Again: what is meant by positive law? Does it refer exclusively to statutes, written acts of Legislatures, or may it include customs, customs, and rules of Courts also?

We answer, it includes all of these; the epithet is as often applied to these as to written statutes. This indeed is evident from the very language of Mansfield; "positive law," which preserves its force long after the reasons, occasion, and time itself from whence it was created, is erased from the memory."

Now the time, date, of a written statute endures as long as the statute itself, and so often of the rest. Lord Mansfield is evidently describing a usage or custom, which incessantly grows up in a country, unbidden and unagreed, until by and by, it is impossible to tell precisely where, when, and how it commenced.

Chief Justice Shaw, in the *Med. case*, stated this remark of Lord Mansfield:

"Positive law, in this connection, may be well understood customary law as the essence of a statute; the word is used to designate rules established by tacit acquiescence, or by the legislative act of any State, and which derive their force from such acquiescence or enactments, and not because they are the dictates of natural justice, and as such of universal obligation."

You have quoted the above remark of Judge Shaw, not only as reliable authority for our assertion, but also as containing a concise definition of "positive law." Authority on this point we do not need, for every reader of law books knows the meaning; and the only wonder is how so ingenious a man as Mr. Spooner ever fell into the gross error of founding an essential portion of his argument on so plain a mistake. Positive law is the term usually employed to distinguish the rules, usages, and laws which are made by man, from those which God has implanted in our nature. It matters not whether these rules and laws are written or unwritten, whether they originate in custom or are expressly enacted by Legislatures. In a word, positive means arbitrary, and is used as opposed to moral.

Our limits will not permit quotations to show the use of this word, neither are they necessary; but any one who is curious on the point may find the word used in this sense everywhere in law books, and especially, Blackstone 1, p. 92; Christian's Note to Blackstone, p. 64; and Doctor and Student quoted there; *Selden on Fortification*, quoted at the end of Mr. Spooner's first chapter; Taylor's *Civil Law*, p. 182; Wooddowson, p. 45, &c. &c.; Stephen's *Blackstone*, vol. 1, p. 67, p. 47, &c.; Bourke and Tomline's *Law Dictionary*; Austin's *Jurisprudence*; Routh's, Wheaton, *passim*, &c. &c.

Mr. Spooner's argument falls to the ground, and we are authorized in asserting custom and usage are not only usual, but are the basis of the law.

There is nothing in the language of Mansfield opposed to this idea.

Nevertheless, the Colonies did take care to point out and define by statute, very precisely who were to be slaves. We need not spread out the laws here. They will be found in *Story*, and a part of them in the notes to Mr. Spooner's fourth chapter. They enact:

1st. That all negroes, Indians, and mulattoes, &c., shall be slaves—except those then free.

2d. That in every trial, it shall be presumed that every negro and mulatto is a slave until he proves the contrary. We hardly see how a more precise description or direction could be given. The rules may be short, but they speak with "irresistible clearness," leave no case unprovided for, and sweep all clear before them. All of a certain race are slaves, and in case of any doubt, they are to be presumed slaves till the contrary is proved. Surely there never can be any doubt or hesitation in any Court how to act under such rules; provided always a Court can be found base enough to act at all under such an accused system. Indeed the system of slavery will never be successfully attacked by objections like these. In cold, calculating systematic plan and forethought, slaveholders of this, as of every other country, have always been distinguished. The people have seldom regained their freedom by finding a loose joint in the harness of their tyrants; no, it has usually been necessary to trample armor and armor-wearers together in the dust.

Mr. Spooner says, "the fact that slavery was tolerated in the Colonies, is no evidence of its legality." This is true, on his supposition that custom is no legal or competent source of system, a doctrine which he tries, but in vain, to deduce from Lord Mansfield's language. Having shown the unsoundness of his view of the meaning of "positive law," the above assertion falls also to the ground. Toleration or acquiescence is what gives force, effect, and legal validity to custom, especially when such customs are recognized by legislative action.

5th. The Declaration of Independence abolished it.

In reply, we have only to say that the Declaration had nothing to do with slavery. That paper "disclaimed the British title" to that bound the Colonies to England, and that was all it did, or it was intended to do. No Court has ever held it to be the "fundamental law" of the country. On the contrary, it is simply a State paper, a political act, changing the form of government, and having no relation to individual rights. We can not better describe the legal character of the Declaration, than given to it by the Courts of the country, that in the words of J. Q. Adams, (Orator at Quincy, 1831, p. 20):

"The Declaration of Independence asserted the rights and acknowledged the obligations of an independent nation. * * * It made no change in the laws—none in the administration of any one of the Colonies, other than such as necessarily followed from the dissolution of the connection with Great Britain. It left all municipal legislation, all regulation of individual rights and interests to the people of each separate colony. Each separate colony thus transformed into a State of the Union, wrought for itself a Constitution of Government."

6th. The Articles of Confederation do not refer to slavery; and the State Constitutions of 1789 are either inconsistent with the exist-

ence of any such institution, or wholly silent about it.

This is Mr. Spooner's last point. The Articles of Confederation speak of "free inhabitants," and "free citizens." This substantial and obvious meaning of this language to inhabitants and citizens not enslaved. This we have shown, and in fact Mr. Spooner allows it. He tries to affix a technical meaning to the word "free." It is true the word has a technical meaning, as we have before stated, when used alone, or with "men," as in "free men," but never, we believe, when joined with "inhabitants," or "citizens."

However, the question whether the Articles of Confederation did, or did not, speak of slaves, is of no consequence. We shall leave it, merely remarking that any plain reader of them will at once say that they do; and that is the best evidence that the fact is so.

We have reached, then, the State Constitution of 1789. At that time slavery existed in the midst of the nation; it was tolerated by the acquiescence of the whole people, and known to all as a great fact, a prominent part of their social arrangements; recognized by the sovereign power of Parliament; established, regulated, and defined by repeated Statutes of the Colonial Assemblies.

Suppose that Mr. Spooner's assertion be true, and that in such a state of things, these Constitutions did not allude in any way to slavery; what, then? Does that prove that a system could not exist after such Constitutions were adopted? Not at all. These Constitutions, many of them, at least, if not all, make no allusion, whatever, to property in land—to the rights of marriage—to the right of a father to his infant son's earnings—to a man's property being answerable for his debts—some, that of Virginia for instance, make no provision for raising taxes or even punishing crimes—are all these things, therefore, unconstitutional? Certainly not. Polygamy is not forbidden in any one of them. Is polygamy therefore legal? No, these Constitutions do not attempt to regulate, describe, or even notice the organic skeleton of social life—the granite ribs of the social globe. They take that for granted, and proceed to erect upon it (suffer us to change the figure) as upon a recognized and well-known foundation the more changeable framework of a Government. That the union of one man and one woman make marriage—that man and wife be one flesh—that creditors may sue and debtors may pay—these things, and others, the customs and usages of the race, for which the Constitution is intended, are taken for granted. It is not specially provided that Court proceedings shall be in English, or that laws shall be written in that language.

And these things are presumed, according to the well-known rule of law.—Statutes are to be interpreted according to the subject matter, so Constitutions are intelligible unless we know first the race, usages, time, country, and general institutions, for which they were intended.

Now, suppose that our Constitutions had taken slavery, one great American institution, for granted, as they did the other "great facts" of social life, there would have been nothing wonderful in such an occurrence.—We found we found some express abolition of the system, or some clause equivalent to it, it would have continued as before. It was the first time in the Massachusetts and New Hampshire Constitutions, "all men are born free," that abolished slavery in those States. But that out and the omission elsewhere to mention slavery would have been no bar to its existence. The abolition of so gigantic and deep-rooted a system is never "done in a corner," by stealth. It is preceded by an agitation sufficient to shake a continent, by long and angry discussion, by convulsions and force resistance; and when the long-dreaded and long-wished moment comes, the bold deed holds his breath for a time." Where were all these characteristics of such an event in 1766, or 1789? when, as Mr. Spooner thinks, one fine morning, folks waked up and were agreeably surprised to find the system gone, although they all designed and expected its abolition!

Again, Mr. Spooner says that the Constitution of Virginia commences with the declaration, "that all men are by nature equally free," and that this would abolish all the slave laws of that State. True, it ought to do so. Suppose it had: he has only, by this means, got rid of one slave State. There are plenty more to which the pro-slavery clauses of the Constitution can apply. The presence of one slave State in the Union is, morally, as bad as the presence of a dozen. But the question now is, not what we think ought to be the result of certain provisions in the Virginia Constitution; but what is the interpretation given to it by that Court, which, and which alone, is authorized to construe it—the Supreme Court of Virginia.

The reader will recollect that Mr. Spooner is attempting to show that the United States Supreme Courts have, according to the rules of law, authority to declare all the slaves in this nation free. One reason why he thinks so, is, that the slave laws of Virginia conflict with her Constitution, and are, therefore, void. Now it happens that the Supreme Court of that State do not think so. And the Supreme Court of the United States hold that they have no right to reverse or control the decisions of State Courts in relation to such a question, "to declare State laws void although they may be repugnant to the Constitution of the State." (See *Story*, 1, Comm. 3, 701.) Especially is this the case in questions affecting property. (5, *Peters* 291, and note 6, *Peters* C. R. 493.)

However, this question as to Virginia is unimportant. If we grant Mr. Spooner all he asks, it only rid us of one slave State, and there were five more in 1789.

But lastly, the State Constitutions do refer to and recognize slavery. Virginia speaks of "our negroes," &c., as we have before quoted. Interpreted, as that must be, by the usage of that day, it refers to slaves. So Pennsylvania, and her mention of "slaves," quoted by Spooner. Maryland and South Carolina specially provided for the continuance in force of all laws not repugnant to the

new Constitution, and there is nothing in them repugnant to slavery. Mr. Spooner, on his supposition that the old Charters did not warrant slavery, says there were no valid laws in South Carolina and Maryland to be continued. We have before disposed of this argument, and shown that those laws were valid and consistent with the

private and gigantic work, of trying to convert a community which exists in being, and in being considered, the lover and the supporter of Slavery.

W. P.

COMMUNICATIONS.

FRIENDS EDITORS:—

On the perusal of an article in the Bugle of March 19th, taken from the Liberator, I felt prompted to ask a few questions, notwithstanding my pursuit in life have not been congenial with those of a public writer. I have no disposition to enter into a discussion of the merits of the questions—I ask for information. I have but recently entered into the anti-slavery enterprise; therefore they may have been answered in the Bugle or elsewhere without my knowledge. I am at times exceedingly perplexed with them, and I am aware that others are in the same dilemma. When urging anti-slavery principles upon those with whom I converse, I am asked, "Why do you seek to make an Abolitionist of me, while you yourself aid and abet the system by the purchase of slave-grown productions? Be consistent with yourself," say they, "then we will hear you." I must confess I am weak enough to let this biting retort non-suit me; so that I am compelled to seek information of those who are more astute than I am on this subject. In the temperance reformation we are told by acute logicians "to stop our drama, cease to buy the poison; and the source from which emanates so much misery and crime will be dried up; distilleries will die a natural death." May not the same reasoning be grafted into abolition arguments? "Cease to purchase slave-grown productions, and slavery will die a natural death." Who will doubt the efficacy of the prescription if all men will set upon it? In the temperance cause, we are called upon to act separately and alone. The community is made up of individuals. Then is it not the duty of each member of society to labor to bring about that virtuous reformation that would be so easily effected by the united action of the whole? If all men were to act upon this simple principle, how long would slavery continue?

I will proceed to the examination of the article referred to. "Having been requested by certain friends to express our views in regard to the use of articles raised by slave labor, we shall endeavor to do so in a very few words, as indicative, on our part, of the comparatively small importance we attach to the discussion of a subject which is entangled with inextricable difficulties, and which cannot, therefore, be made a test of moral character." I would ask, with due deference, what has entangled this subject in such difficulties? I believe it is conceded by farmers generally, that they can grow food and raiment sufficient for home consumption, with the exception of a few superfluities. This being the fact, I can conceive of no difficulties in which this subject is involved, save our unwillingness to come away from the sins and fashions of the world, by retrenching a few superfluities. The Liberator says this subject "cannot be made a test of moral character." Afterward it admits that there are some among the most intellectual, the most courageous, the most self-denying, and the most sincerely conscientious, who do abstain in the manner stated.

Then of course they make it a test of moral character. Does the Liberator make slaveholding a test of moral character? In like manner those self-denying men make abstinence and abstention the slaveholder by the purchase of his slave-grown goods, a test of moral character. Why not? Again he says "at an early period of the anti-slavery enterprise, we were led, for a time, to regard the use of slave productions as personally involving a direct support of the slave system; but were soon satisfied that we erred in judgment on this subject, &c." With the Liberator had seen fit to give us the process of reasoning by which he discovered his error. We most sincerely wish to avail ourselves of every facility to keep out of error. That "no man can refrain from purchasing slave-grown productions," I regard as an *ipse dixit*, needing proof. The Liberator itself admits there are some among "the most intellectual that do abstain." "There were a thousand strong and vital issues that could be made with the slave power," so also there are a thousand strong and vital issues that could be made with the manufacturer of alcohol without stamping the brow of the retailer and consumer with perpetual infamy. We could tell the distiller of the wickedness of his employment, of the wretchedness and want he creates around him; we could point him to the worse than widowed wives, the worse than fatherless children; we could point him to the inebriate whose sensibilities are all lost in drunken revelry, and to the thirty thousand that annually go down through all the grades of a drunkard's degradation, to a drunkard's unhonored grave. But what will the high Priest of Babelus reply? Why, he will gravely tell us "by this trade I gain my living, by this traffic I get gain." "We have prostrated ourselves at the feet of the slaveholder," we have petitioned, we have supplicated, we have remonstrated, we have set his sins in diurnal array before him. To what purpose? Why, he has perpetually cried, forsooth, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians; great is American slavery." Every avenue to the slaveholder's heart seems to be blocked.

aded. Then what alternative is left but to call to our assistance every aid to cut off his resources and dry up his streams by the non-purchase of his slave-grown commodities?

Again, the Liberator says "he honors those conscientious men and women for their stern fidelity to their convictions of duty." What, when "no man can reduce them to practice"? Our convictions of duty are either true, or they are false convictions. I agree, when truth convinces us we must obey. Shall we obey any other convictions? I apprehend we are culpable for not knowing the truth: "light has come into the world and men choose darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil." When moral principles are concerned, provision is made for us to see eye to eye as we march shoulder to shoulder in the great cause of God and truth. Wrangling and divisions belong not to the "household of faith." The Liberator thinks money becomes tainted by being exchanged for the products of slave labor. I cannot discover the pertinency of the argument—if the Southern planter should exchange his slave-grown wares for land in Ohio, does that land become tainted, so that whoever buys it afterwards shall aid and abet the system of slavery? "The principle staple raised by slave labor is cotton, the subordinate ones, sugar and rice. These are all good—the gifts of God. If their consumption tended to injure the health," &c. I reply, if their consumption tends to injure the health and degrade the morals of the slaveholder; and also, cause the perpetuity of slavery, then, by the laws of common humanity, they cannot be innocently used. "These productions are so mixed up with the commerce of the world." True—then if our principles be correct, let the world know they must cease to deal in such commodities, or we will cease to traffic with the world. That would be ultra—wouldn't it? Once more, he says "we have so many practical measures to carry forward." If the abstaining from the purchase of slave-grown articles is not a practical measure, what is? I have not yet adopted the non-purchase plan. For money's sake I wish to be delivered from it, if thereby no good will accrue to either master or slave. I believe I have now stated all my difficulties in the case. Having had some conversation with you, Mr. Jones, on this subject, I wish you to answer the above, and thus confer a favor on many.

Yours for retrenchment, if necessary.

A. CHAPMAN.

FRIENDS EDITORS:—

"Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people."

Whatever may be the 'appeals' or 'remonstrances' in reference to slavery, it seems that 'pro-slavery arguments' are determined to prolong its existence, and extend its domain. But, still it is certain, that 'though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished,' Prov. 11, 21. Now, respecting the destiny of this wicked nation, I verily believe, the catastrophe is impending, and that 'destruction shall be to the workers of iniquity,' Prov. 10, 29. Surely, concerning this pseudo-republic, it may be said with propriety: 'Her sins have reached unto Heaven, and God hath remembered her iniquities,' Rev. 18, 5. We find in the inventory of her 'chattel-property,' 'slaves and souls of men.' Such are the prominent articles of Babylon's merchandise. But hath not the Lord threatened to 'disquiet the inhabitants of Babylon?' He has. Jer. 50, 34. For though this threat was made—primarily—in reference to Babylon that was; it is, nevertheless, equally applicable to Babylon which is. Rev. 13, 1 &c. 'For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord; I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him,' Psal. 12, 5. 'God is no respecter of persons.' Observe here, 'the poor and the needy.' They are oppressed. Their oppressors puff at them. Being oppressed they sigh. This oppression is seen, and these sighs are heard. Their Redeemer is strong, the Lord of hosts is his name. 'He shall thoroughly plead his cause.' 'The oppressed shall go free,' and the time is ere long. 'Now will I arise, saith the Lord; I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him.' But lo! when the Lord shall 'march through the land in indignation,' he will 'thresh the heathen in anger,' Heb. 3, 12. He hath said, 'when the land sinneth against me by trespassing grievously, then will I stretch out mine hand upon it, and will break the staff of the bread thereof, and will send famine upon it, and will cut off man and beast from it,' Ezek. 14, 13. Alas! the inhabitants of this land sin against God by trespassing grievously. 'The land is full of bloody crimes. Surely, the hydra-headed instance which follows, indicates heaven-daring, high-handed wickedness. And withal, the complicated transgression is of a national character, to wit: Southern slave-claimants—under the auspices of Northern slaveholders—are assailing to extend the territory of the infernal institution of American slavery. Yes, verily! with this diabolical design—just as Apollyon would have it—they are now engaged in committing thievish, obscene, and bloody depredations upon the neighboring Republic of Mexico. Thus it seems, that though there are fifteen slave states in this infamous Union already—and the rest but nominally free—yet new territory is still wanted to breed, brand, whip, and hold our fellow men as chattel property in.

"Shall I not visit for these things?" saith the Lord: shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this? Jer. 5, 9, 29. Surely, these enormous transgressions are 'heavy upon it,' Isa. 21, 20. They loudly demand an avenging visitation. But cannot this be averted? Where are the Priests? Are there none—neither clergy nor laity—to stand before him in the breach, to turn away his wrath? Psal. 106, 23. There was a time in which this might have been done; but, doubtless, now, that period is past. The scriptures indicate that such is the case. And therefore, although many, both clergy and laity, have, through grace, 'recovered themselves out of the snare'—the pro-slavery snare—'of the devil'—and moreover, notwithstanding, a great many more undoubtedly will, anon, renounce his diabolical pro-slavery measures: nevertheless, the dire catastrophe of this wicked nation, is surely inevitable. Jer. 15, 1.

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But where will this fearful calamity begin. Doubtless, it will begin at the Lord's professed sanctuary. Ezek. 9, 5, 6. 1 Pet. 4, 17. And there at the ancient men which are before the house—the lewd and sanguinary Priests, (Hos. 6, 9,) who 'teach for hire,' (Mic. 3, 10, 11,) 'push with their horns,'—fleece the flock—thrust with side and with shoulder, (Ezek. 34, 1 &c.) and 'bear rule by their means,' Jer. 5, 30, 31. Alas! the clergy and their dupes, the lay members of pro-slavery churches, are deeply implicated in crime. Their deportment is preposterous, equal. They affirm that 'all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; and that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' And moreover 'that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; but still they strenuously support the accursed system of American slavery. They pray, however, that the Lord would 'in his own good time, break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free;' but still, in order to extend Slavery's domain, they murder the Mexicans, and purloin their territory. Surely, they are 'righteous overmuch' for they preach to the sanguinary volunteers, pray for their prosperity, and give them bibles and tracts; but withal, they are 'overmuch wicked,' for they also furnish them with swords, bow-knives, fire-arms, and ammunition, to facilitate the success of their 'benevolent and bloody career.' They make harangues, and resolutions against Slavery; but yet, they vote under and sustain the pro-slavery Constitution of this slaveholding Union. And therefore, notwithstanding all their 'pious anti-slavery harangues and resolutions, they are slaveholders still.

But is the Constitution of this pseudo-republic, in fact, as they would have it, 'a republic' in name only? (Peruse the Madison papers.) But yet those who framed and signed it, adapted its phraseology—in allusion to Slavery—so as to deceive, entangle, and lead astray the unwary. Nevertheless, the acute pro-slavery trick—although fabricated with closed doors—is now being discovered; and unto those who behold it, the infamous Constitution of this tyrannical country appears in all its native deformity. 'A monster of so frightful mien, as to be hated, needs but to be seen.' But, whereas, such is the depraved condition of this pseudo-republic, what is our duty in relation to Babylon? Verily, it is our indispensable duty to 'come out, and keep out.' To 'secede from the Church, and repudiate the government.' To 'submit to exactions, but render no voluntary aid.' To break off our sins by righteousness, and our iniquities by cheery mercy to the poor.' To do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with our God' Mic. 6, 8. And then 'the Lord,' who 'is good, and knoweth them that trust in him,' will be our 'strong hold in the day of trouble,' (Nab. 1, 7, 8.) the day in which he will come forth 'out of his place, to punish the inhabitants of' this slaveholding Republic 'for their iniquity,' (Isa. 26, 20, 21.) and 'make an utter end of' the impious system of American Slavery. 'By reason of the multitude of oppressions, they make the oppressed to cry,' Job. 35, 9. Their 'cry' is heard, Exod. 22, 23. 'The Lord will be their refuge,' Psal. 9, 9. 'He will judge the poor of the people, save the children of the needy, and break in pieces the oppressor,' Psal. 72, 4. 'Ah! sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity.' Judgment is turned away backward, and justice standeth afar off, for truth is fallen in the street, and equity cannot enter.' Isa. 59, 14. 'Ye oppress the poor and crush the needy.' 'The spoil of the poor is in your houses.' Isa. 3, 14, 15. But see unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong; that useth his neighbor's service, without wages, and giveth him not for his work.' Jer. 22, 13.

Yours in behalf of Humanity.

ROBERT HENSON.

Grafton, April 15, 1847.

For the Bugle.

If the editorial comments upon my article of last week by "S" mean that I am a manufacturer of patent medicines—I have refused to inform the sick who have taken them of what they were constituted, or sought their publication in the Bugle, I am again misrepresented. The language of the editorial is not altogether clear of ambiguity, but the above is what it appears to imply, if it means any thing. There is also an insinuation that my "acknowledgment" of having called on

Dr. Cope was made with reluctance, whereas I had previously, and with pleasure, spoken of it to many persons.

The statement that "he applies the remarks to himself," should have read "the remarks were intended to apply to him." I will not, unless S denies it, show that I am correct in this.

In selling *Hambleton and Cope's Ague Cure* and other compounds, the constituents of which I suppose were known only to their authors, I may have been the innocent instrument of evil; if so I should be truly sorry; but believe all such that I have ventured to sell, which I have ever done with care, were truly beneficial.

For all this I am willing, together with "S's" physician, Dr. C. and others, to answer at "the bar of public opinion," while we will leave my friend "S" to stand amenable to the same high tribunal for writing and publishing for facts some half dozen sheer assumptions. Respectfully,

B. B. DAVIS.

Salem, 5th mo., 4, 1847.

Whig Party—Gen. Taylor Nominated.

MILFORD, N. H. April 25, 1847.

DEAR FRIENDS:—

The famine of news this way, is almost equal to the famine of bread in Ireland—and to the news-mongers, almost as distressing. True, there are about the usual number of accidents and incidents, such as fires, floods, festivals and fasts; besides marriages and monstrous births, and women with triplets, and sometimes even larger litters at a time, much to the comfort of the President doubtless, who just now, like King Lear, "wants soldiers."

The most noticeable fact now, is, the perfect drunkenness of the people on the blood of the Mexicans. To preach Anti-Slavery to them now, would be as absurd as to preach moderation and meekness to the wildest furies in a madhouse, or temperance to a gutter full of snoring drunks.

Even the whigs are in ecstasies of delight—not particularly because so many women have been violated and then murdered along with their children, but because it gives them the delectable prospect of having the chief murderer for their President.

The most God abandoned democrats are not viler, if so vile as the whigs. They have denounced the war and those who made it, rising up early to curse it, in its origin and objects. The party said over and over again, (and truly too) that it was a war to promote and prolong slavery. It has declared that if this nation did embark in such a war, it would be the duty of all Christians to come to the aid of Mexico—that in it, if we were true, we never could succeed. It has branded it as plunder and piracy, deserving of universal execration. This was, however, some weeks ago.

Now that same party endorses the war with most diabolical relish. Over the field of Buena Vista, screaming with live horrors, sown with dead bodies and steaming with ponds of blood, it howls its hyena delight.—Maids and matrons, mothers and nurslings, tottering age and joyous youth, are huddled in hillocks of promiscuous death, and whiggism yells itself hoarse with infernal glee, and with assurance that hell would be ashamed of nominating the perpetrator of these nameless woes, for the highest office in the nation's gift.

Such is the whig party of this accursed country. To secure a whig administration and a high tariff, it would bury Mexico in the ashes of its own ruin, from the Rio Grande to Guatimala. To sell its miserable shirtings and satinetts, it would invade Perdition, and annex it to the United States of Slavery. To manufacture them, it would dam up the river of Life, and with its mill ponds, overflow the fairest fields and gardens of Paradise.

The democrats are letting them fight the war. I am glad the Clays, the Governor Lincoln, and other Beelzebubs of the party, furnish so many of those who are offered in sacrifice. Let them bleed; what else are they good for?

The whigs expect the next presidency, the democrats expect an immense accession of slaveholding territory. The whigs will give that price for the presidency, the democrats will consent to the bargain, only let the president be a slaveholder. General Taylor is that, in the fullest sense of the term, and the South could not wish a better.

This, then, is our government and union—Liberty party swears allegiance to it, and denounces disunion as treason deserving of death! The brokers in hell would pay premium for such depravity.

Yours as ever,

PARKER PILLSBURY.

FRIENDS EDITORS:—

I recently read an account that the Indies of some city (perhaps) of Great Britain had presented Wm. Lloyd Garrison a set of silver ware, valued at £10 sterling, in testimony of their approval of his course in the Anti-Slavery cause, and that on his arrival, the collector of the port of Boston exacted sixty dollars in the shape of duty. Is this the same W. L. G. who was persecuted into Baltimore prison for declaring the truth, and advocating the right? The self-denying W. L. G. who denied himself, almost, the necessities of life that he might awaken this sin blighted nation to a perception of the enormity of a cherished institution? The

self sacrificing W. L. G. who had the moral courage to prosecute his pioneer labors, with renewed energy after being dragged, bound like a felon, bare headed, along the streets of Boston by a mighty crowd of "gentlemen of property and standing"? The same, who never paused to enquire if it were friend ignorantly, or foe wittingly, who threw an obstacle which he conceived would prevent or mar the great work which he kept constantly in his line of vision—that whether a Cox, a Phelps, a Tappan or a Smith—of the clergy or laity, failed to move upward and onward, he never failed to declare they were becalmed, or their motion retrogressive?

Be his present and future course what they may, an enlightened posterity will say of him, that through long years he toiled and faltered not, and was never known to compromise with wrong. Having, it may be, no living parallel for energy and faithfulness, some may deem it exorbitant to ask more of him. Tested by the world's rules of life, it is so, but Garrison repudiates its maxims recommending a higher and better standard of action. He is willing surely to try himself by his own standard.

In the first place, has not the consciousness of "well done good and faithful" been his best and chief consolation and support in all the privations he has endured, in all the opposition he has encountered? Secondly, is he ignorant of that philosophy and unacquainted by experience with the fact that luxuries have no adaptation to our natural wants? Does he not argue, and that with unanswerable cogency, that voluntary support rendered to a chattel-making, life-taking government is sinful? But let this suffice.

It need not be doubted that the ladies who presented the costly gift were actuated by kindly motives, and he must be obtuse who could not thus appreciate them; but what an opportunity was afforded to the influential reformer to point to the perishing around them and with all the eloquence he was master of, urge the imperative duty of those who have means, and the dreadful necessities of the destitute. "My noble, generous friends, though fully sensible of the kind feelings which prompt you to offer this proud testimonial of your estimate of my exertions, you will excuse me for declining its acceptance. I know, possibly, better than some of you do, that nutritious food is abundantly sustaining when served up in the plainest, cheapest dishes.—This costly service will be of no utility in my family, though it may be the first step (the last of which I may not live to see) in a chase after unpaid luxuries. It befits our humble condition. We profess to be followers of one who had not whereon to lay his head. The entering inscriptions too, would embarrass me when read in my hearing; but waiving all these, it would be perpetual penance to eat my food from a service which I knew might have been so disposed of as to save many lives of my fellow beings."

He did not do thus and soon another opportunity presented to make an impression that the lapse of centuries could not efface.—If he had sent the service whence it came—had not permitted it to enter the custom house by leaving it on board the vessel, and then had made a full statement of the case, in true Garrison style, the world would have known it and declared that freedom's pioneer had done a deed that eclipsed all his former acts, for all kinds of magnanimity;—but oh! that he should have permitted this occasion to pass by.

L.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, MAY 7, 1847.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—Edmund Burke.

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chestnut sts.

Editorial Correspondence.

HARRISBURG, Pa., April 23d, 1847.

DEAR FRIEND:—

In these days of steamboat and railroad travelling, journeying on a canal is comparatively a small pace; yet such as it is, it was ours. Soon after leaving Pittsburgh the question of slavery was introduced, and the discussion continued without much intermission until we left the boat at Harrisburg, and probably long afterward. On the first day, some of the passengers who had never before met with a Disunion abolitionist, and were desirous of hearing more of their doctrines proposed that B. S. Jones should give a lecture on the subject, which he did with the unanimous consent of the passengers.—We had on board the representatives of anti-slavery and pro-slavery opinions of almost all shades, from the dark hue of the slaveholder to the bright truthfulness of the Disunionist. There were the Kentucky man-stealer, who defended as he best might his kidnapper claim, and the justifier of slavery from "far down east," whose Bible was its charter, whose God was its originator, and whose religion was its strongest bulwark. There were the Democrat and Whig who were as much opposed to slavery as anybody, but who utterly refused to do anything for its extirpation unless the party sanctioned it; and there too was one who, while disclaim-

ing to be an abolitionist, manifested far more anti-slavery grace and knowledge than thousands who claim the name. We had on board a clergyman of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, who, while asserting his anti-slavery character, was exceedingly desirous to have it known that he did not favor any of the ultra notions into which abolitionism ran, which ultras, as he called them, are but a carrying out of anti-slavery principles. The discussions, at least on the side of the Disunionists, were plain talk, some of which was unpalatable to a portion of the company, who could not bear that the American church and the American government should be spoken of in irreverent terms. The steward of the boat at this end of the line was a free colored man, and in the relation of a portion of his own history, gave a specimen of the unspeakable blessings of the American Union. His story is a common one, so common that it has ceased to excite the sympathies of the people, or call forth their indignation. The man is a native of Maryland, but has resided in Pennsylvania for several years. He recently yielded to a desire to visit the scenes of his childhood, and to meet again his aged parents. He was perchance ignorant that the laws of his native State had branded him as an outlaw and doomed him to perpetual exile, for Maryland, you know, so loves her colored citizens that she forbids their absence, except for a short period, under a penalty of forever losing their right to a residence on her territory. The poor man again became an inmate of his early home, and prolonging his visit beyond the few hours which the State generously allows him, was sentenced to pay a fine of \$20, and informed that if he again offended, the penalty would be increased to \$500. And this is one of "the blessings of liberty" secured to him by the creation of the American Union. We could not but contrast his condition with that of those about him, and whose political hopes were centered in that Union which allows of his oppression. He may not cross the borders of his native State without having the agents of the law dog his footsteps and eagerly watch for the expiration of the time when, by the authority of Maryland, backed up by the pledged support of the entire Union, they clutch their victim and demand his money or his liberty, compel the payment of \$500 or the relinquishment of his birthright to freedom. But these are hastening to their homes, their families, and their friends, there they clutch their victim and demand his money or his liberty, compel the payment of \$500 or the relinquishment of his birthright to freedom. But these are hastening to their homes, their families, and their friends, there they clutch their victim and demand his money or his liberty, compel the payment of \$500 or the relinquishment of his birthright to freedom.

The visits which they are about to make resemble to the privileged visits of the colored Marylander to his home, or the prisoner's friend to the cell of the captive; the duration of their intercourse is not measured by a few revolutions of the hour-hand on the dial plate. No such anticipations rest like a cloud upon their joy, and they hasten on without heeding the fate of him who is oppressed in a land of nominal freedom, and degraded in a country boasting of its sciences and religion. The Black laws of Maryland are probably no worse than those of other slave-claiming States, but that State being on the border line, and possessing more light than some others, its iniquitous code stands revealed in more glaring blackness. Yet it is a cause for rejoicing that in the very necessity which exists for the enforcement of such laws we can read of the danger which threatens her institutions of oppression. The anti-slavery sentiment is forcing itself upon the attention of the people of Maryland, and Truth shall yet triumph and sweep their iniquitous laws from existence.

The "Baltimore Saturday Visitor" was doing a great work in the regeneration of public sentiment in that State; its character as a family paper, and the uncompromising spirit of its editor, Dr. Snodgrass, had made it a valuable ally in the cause of human rights. The great truths which it uttered were not connected with party politics, and none viewed it with suspicion as the organ of a clique; but now in the seventeenth year of its existence it has become absorbed by the National Era—it has identified its interests with Liberty party. The influence which the Baltimore Saturday Visitor, because of its peculiar character, exerted over the minds of hundreds, and it may be of thousands both North and South cannot be exerted by the National Era, or any other political journal advocating similar views. It is a cause for regret that the city which in 1830 incarcerated Wm. Lloyd Garrison in prison for his denunciations of the domestic slave-trade, and in 1846 murdered Torrey because he aided the fugitive in his escape, has no longer a paper to testify against the sinfulness of slaveholding and plead the cause of them that are appointed to destruction.—Those who have endeavored by mob-law and by legislative enactment to destroy the Visitor will doubtless rejoice exceedingly that Liberty party has done for them what they could not themselves accomplish, and has removed that odious journal from their presence, and redeemed Maryland from the stigma of sustaining an anti-slavery press.

Judging from the recent move made in Accomac county, Virginia, the sons of the Old Dominion intend to expurgate from their State all papers treasonable to slavery and incendiary in their character. On the 29th ult., the following presentment was made: "We, the Grand Jury, upon our oaths do present that The New York Christian Advocate

present that The New York Christian Advocate

present that The New York Christian Advocate

rate and Journal, a newspaper published in the City of New York, is a paper which is circulated through the post offices of this country, and advises, and is calculated and intended to persuade persons of color, within this Commonwealth, to make insurrection, or rebel, and denies the right of masters to property in their slaves, and inculcates the duty of resistance to such right, contrary to the statute in such case made and provided.

"This presentment is made upon the examination of the paper itself.

LEWIS L. SNEAD, Foreman."

The idea of presenting the organ of the M. E. Church as an incendiary publication, could only have originated in Accomac county, whose people make it their boast that they have no newspaper printed there. It was a sin of ignorance and not an act of willful malignity, for had they understood the character of the paper, their action would have been very different. It is to be hoped that hereafter when the editor of the Advocate and Journal feels disposed to denounce the incendiary papers of the abolitionists, he will remember that his own journal has been presented by a Virginia Grand Jury as one of that character. Those who will, may learn from this fact how little reliance should be placed upon the testimony of Southerners in regard to such matters, and how small a thing is sufficient in their estimation to justify their denunciations of incendiarism, &c.

Attempts at Kidnapping.

At Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, on the 16th ult., Joseph Logan, of Winchester, Virginia, assisted by two accomplices whom he had brought with him, attempted to re-capture a man who had escaped from him some weeks previously, and had found employment in Pittsburgh. The man-stealers put up at the Monongahela House, where, by means of help obtained from persons in the city, they succeeded in deceiving the fugitive into a room on the third story of the hotel, where he met his master. His cries, on being seized by the officers, attracted a large crowd of people, principally colored men, around the building, and as soon as the officers appeared at the door with their victim, the crowd rushed forward and the man was rescued, and made his escape.

The Gazette states that one of the officers was knocked down, and the other received a blow. This the editor of the Mystery, who was present, contradicts.

After the escape of the colored man, Logan and his associates were arrested under the kidnapping law of the State passed last winter. Considerable excitement prevailed during the trial. The slave-catchers were finally discharged; we have not learned on what grounds.

Another.—At Randolph, Portage county, on Saturday last, an attempt was made by some "Southern gentry," to carry off into slavery certain "persons" held to service or labor in one of the States," who had escaped into Ohio. We are not sure, however, that it is strictly correct to say an attempt was made to carry off the fugitives; as, if reports are to be credited, the "Chivalry" thought best to go home as they came, without laying hands upon their prey.

The people of Randolph, to the number of one or two hundred, it is said, collected around the house of the colored people, and though they did not threaten any violence, nor appear at all excited, the slave-catchers, not knowing what the "Yankees" might do—thought it safest to leave; which they did—the observed of all observers—"to the great satisfaction and amusement of the multitude, who, reports say, had "quizzed them most unmercifully."

We hope by next week to be able to lay the particulars of this affair—which we suspect was a rich one—before our readers.—J.

We do not wish to be understood to endorse the article over the signature of 'L,' in another column. For ourselves we are of opinion that, in cases like that referred to, a different course from the one pursued by Mr. Garrison would be better. We do not, however, undertake to decide for him in relation to his duty in the matter.

We wonder our correspondent did not send his communication to the Liberator for insertion. There, it seems to us, was its appropriate place. If he had done so, we would have been satisfied that his motives were pure, whatever we might have thought of his views of the matter.—J.

We publish in another column a communication from A. Chapman, on the Free Produce question, commenting upon an article copied from the Liberator in the Bugle of March 19th. The absence of the editors will, of course, prevent for the present a compliance with the request with which our correspondent concludes his letter.

CORRECTIONS.—Owing to the absence of "S," several typographical errors occurred in his editorial articles in our last week's paper, some of which affected the grammar merely, while others somewhat obscured the sense.—J.

If Editors & others will be a little more particular in preparing their manuscript, they will greatly facilitate the composing, and obviate the necessity for "corrections;" and if correspondents, when they wish to write more than can conveniently be contained on one sheet, will send two, instead of writing so compactly as to be illegible, the postage of the extra one will be cheerfully paid by the

THE ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.—We have just returned from a tour through the Reserve, where we found the friends in many places actively engaged in making preparations for the coming Anti-Slavery Fair. We are encouraged to hope that the contributions will be worthy of Ohio.—S.

Unwilling to carry on a controversy in the Bugle with B. B. Davis in regard to his patent medicines, we have asked him in his own paper in this place, to inform the public as to the character of the materials which he sells as medicine; and also to say whether he was or was not ignorant of the fact that the Bugle refused to advertise such medicines. We did not state that B. B. Davis applied to the Bugle to advertise for him, but we said that it refused to do that kind of advertising.—S.

For the Anti-Slavery Eagle.

War and Warriors.

BY JOHN B. BEACH—NO. VI.

"Hell and Destruction are never full."

"Wisdom is better than weapons of war."

Doubtless enough has been said to convince the reader that war, even in our own time, is no inconsiderable evil; that its recklessness of human life and happiness is truly appalling. Yet I suppose I have not given you even a tolerable idea of the system in its natural, real, necessary workings. I have indeed, stated that war alone has already totally depopulated *forty worlds* like this. I have said that one human monster singly, has destroyed almost twice as many people as inhabit this vast Republic. I have spoken of the frequency of modern wars, and the incalculable devastation which they occasion. You may admit all this, but to realize it is impossible. You know from the public prints and floating rumors, that war exists on our Southern frontier; but you neither do, nor can conceive the solemn, every day realities of that protracted struggle. To make those realities our own—to fix them fast and forever in the mind—we must behold them with our own eyes; we must ourselves be baptized with the dreadful baptism of war.

For the sake therefore, of getting the subject somewhat more distinctly before our minds, let us bring the scenes and operations of war nearer home.

Were our peaceful borders threatened by the Armada of a powerful foe, whose avowed object was universal conquest, and whose far-reaching plans embraced the overthrow of Republicanism on this continent, what circumstance attending the approach of the victorious invader would not awaken every slumbering fear, and chill the very life current that pulsates in each member of this vast body politic? Two hundred ships of the line are anchored off Halifax, ready to make a descent upon the United States. New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and half the Canadas, at the proclamation of the British authorities, are rising in arms. Our shipping, chased from the banks of Newfoundland and hunted over the bosom of the Northern Atlantic, may be seen pressing in all directions for the ports of our Eastern sea-board. At the same time a splendid Armament cruising the Gulf, holds the adjacent region in continual alarm, whilst heavy transports, hourly debarking from the several harbors of the West Indies, are landing a powerful army upon our defenceless Southern coast. Within forty-eight hours, by means of telegraphs and expresses, the disastrous intelligence is spread over half the Union, and the public intellect aroused to tenfold vigilance in war-like preparation. Cannon are seen riding in hot haste over our bills, transmitting general orders from department to department of State. Handbills, ordering out the militia, are placarded at the corners of our streets. Proclamations, calling for volunteers, come flowing in upon us from the seat of Government. Troops are seen marching from town to town. Steamboats, no longer laden with idle passengers, are stored from hold to upper deck with the valuable munitions of war. Barges of State, crowded with martial men, come thickly floating up the beautiful Ohio, and wild strains of field music echo within her winding banks.

Ride through this western region. Almost the entire population are up and marching for the seacoast or the Northern frontier. You see orchards, and gardens, and houses, and waving fields of grain; but no inhabitants. The conscription has left only the aged and the feeble, the mother and the child. The highways are still and trackless. The plough stands rusting in the old furrow, and the sturdy ox grazes unmolested in the meadow.—Old men this year thrust in the sickle, and with trembling hand gather the rotting harvest. Young boys swing the heavy flail, that their mothers and sisters must lack bread. In the forest, where lately echoed the stroke of the woodman's axe and the crash of the falling timber, the timid deer unconcerned champs the tender boughs.

The enemy makes a descent upon us—the U. S. ports are declared to be in a state of blockade—American commerce must be destroyed. His shipping stretches southward; the fleets of his hundred allies cruise the sea-board, drawing a line of fire along our extended coast. Our commerce, which before gladdened every cell whilst it enriched our

own, is now suddenly contracted to a cipher—and America, no longer a proud sovereign of the seas, is but a great garrison under blockade, cut off from all intercourse abroad, and patiently awaiting the attack of an invading foe. The telegraph publishes the news to our inland cities—"its a sweeping ruin.—Whole blocks of stores are closed at once on every street. Thousands of enterprising clerks are turned loose upon the world. The capitalist collects in his scattered funds with all haste, and closes up his concerns. Property is valueless—why should he longer embark his decaying capital where he can only expect to see it swallowed up? Whole classes of operatives are in consequence unexpectedly thrown upon the public charity. To the man who lived upon his income, every hour brings intelligence of some joint company dissolved, or of some firm insolvent. The credit and banking systems fall with one general crash, and untold millions of individual property are sunk in the mighty ruin. Trade stagnates; for the currency has depreciated. Agriculture is on the retrograde; for there are few to till the soil, and no market for the produce. The arts come to a stand; for mechanics cannot work without money. The public schools are broken up; for the funds for their support are appropriated to the national defense. Misery stalks abroad in the streets of our crowded cities, and dismay sits silently upon every countenance.

But the terrors have only commenced.—Our enemy attempts a landing.—The North and the South become at once the seat of war. Naval actions transpire, and our shipping is damaged. Presently Mobile is bombarded, and half her streets laid in ashes. Troops are landed. For days together the fertile plantations of Alabama are ravaged without mercy. The slave population, made by the cruel art of oppressive legislation to be the natural enemies of the government, flock in vast multitudes to the hostile standard. Now the desolating tide of servile war, rolls like a sea of billows over half the devoted South. Whole States are rocked by domestic convulsions, and the very foundations of social order broken up.

Meanwhile the storm of battle breaks upon the Atlantic coast. An attack on New York is planned and executed. Brooklyn, with the vast stores of the Navy Yard, has already capitulated to a superior force of the enemy. A powerful Armament has sailed up the Bay. Alas! now, for the city of Mammon! She has banks, and warehouses, and exchanges, and stores, and churches, and mansions of wealth without number—but what shall ensure them now? Her impregnable fortresses, frowning down from their thousand dark loop holes and smoky old battlements, can but poorly defend her; for hostile navies crowd her spacious Bay, and the banner of invaders floats securely on the towers of her sister city. There she is, shut between her allied foes—her harbor all exposed to the cannonade of the floating batteries, and her roofs open to the raining fire of a thousand howitzers. Pass up the streets of the great metropolis. The engagement is thickening around us. The trees of the Park over our heads are crashing with cannon shot. The murderous grape and canister of the foe sweep hundreds of men from our parapets at every discharge. Their bursting shells scatter ruin and horrible death over half the city. Two hundred and sixty cannon open the work of carnage on our part, whose thunders shake the pavements of the town. Our shot tears fiercely through the solid ranks of the enemy, leveling whole squadrons at once. Cannon balls whistle over their heads, and smoke along the rock-paved streets of Brooklyn.—Heavy blocks of buildings are dreadfully shattered, splinters of shivered timber fill the air, a wide sheet of corpses lines the opposite side of the Ferry, and of our men some thousands already lie bleeding and gasping behind the pickets. During this sanguinary struggle a heavy cannonade on the right announces that the action is opened by the enemy's shipping. Already the harbor for a mile up, is lined by our cannon. The guns of the Battery are manned so as to sweep half the Bay. The lower part of the city is one dense mass of citizens and soldiery.—Troops of exasperated men come rushing furiously down Broadway, eager to join in the murderous strife. Rum has maddened a portion of them; revenge infuriated the rest.—The conflict now becomes awful. The old Battery is wrapped in an incessant sheet of flame. The solid masonry of the Pier trembles under the roar of huge artillery. The blaze of battle streams from the countless port holes of Governor's Island. Two hundred War ships, grim with death, thunder back the dire responses. The wharf is naked, till half its guns are silenced. The cannonier and grape who whistled over the Quay, plunging through those solid ranks of men. "The floating batteries with their murderous shot enfilade whole avenues at once, piling the thoroughfares with heaps of quivering corpses.

By a faint the enemy have succeeded in landing a powerful detachment from Brooklyn. Our men are sternly battling against them in the Park. They charge up to the very throat of the enemy's guns. Whole crowds melt away like hoar frost. The soil becomes muddy with the gore of men. The trees are splintered by shot, and the sword ploughed by the mass wheels of ordnance. Broken swords, tattered uniforms, guns and cartridge-boxes lie scattered there with human limbs and unlighty trunks, brown, black

and mangled into all those nameless shapes that haunt even the godless warrior's memory! Over the whole, wave the fiery hosts, charging and retreating, struggling and plunging, treading the dying and the dead together into the soil.

The contest has been raging for hours; yet the ships, all dismantled, still keep up a destructive fire, and the batteries thunder back stern defiance. Evening draws on—there is a horrible gloom. Vast clouds of sulphur smoke roll heavily upward and hide the twinkling stars. Suddenly a line of light streams up from one of the floating batteries it arches high over the city. The howitzers have begun their rain of death. Rockets and red-hot balls and whistling shells fill the air, and shower down upon the very heart of the dense metropolis. They pierce the roofs—they scatter ruin in every apartment. Men, women and innocent children run shrieking through the streets. The solemn bell in the tower of the City Hall now tolls the dreadful fire alarm—but no engines roll along the pavement to quell the spreading flames. The Fire Companies lie stretched in death along the slippery wharves. Night settles upon the devoted city. Volumes of flame are seen in all quarters rolling furiously up to the sky. Domes, towers, and steeples gleam horribly in the reflected light. Red-hot cinders and sheets of glowing iron rush up in whirling eddies, and are lost in the dismal clouds. The devouring element sweeps on like the ocean billow, wrapping all in its dreadful shroud. That bell keeps tolling out but above its doleful tones you hear the crash of falling blocks and the roar of moving multitudes. Vast stores of spirits, camphine, and other combustibles incessantly explode, filling the air with blazing tiles, and shaking the solid ground work of the city. Strong breezes rush in from every quarter toward the sea of fire. Its red surges, waving to and fro, now roar through the broad Avenues, and now, curling round some towering spire, lick the clouds with their spray. Huge breakers roll over the rock-built squares and dash their heads high against the moveless domes. Ocean, land and sky kindle up with the unceasing glare. The heavy cannonading in the Harbor comes booming up amid the convulsions of the expiring city, like "thunder far away." O, it is a scene of woe and terror unutterable! Let not the pen of History attempt to chronicle it, or the tongue of Tradition speak its infernal horrors. On the pages of Eternal Justice those deeds of towering crime are registered—there those tears of blood are traced. God shall unfold the fearful record, when he sitteth to judge the world.

And this is the Warrior's bonfire of "Glorious"—this the funeral pyre at which he lights his flickering torch of Fame! Reader, I have sketched you the first act in the Drama of War. Think not that its scenes are overdrawn. I appeal to the chronicles of nations, if more than a faint echo of the murderous notes of war, sounds in your lumbering style. Let Austere speak—let Moscow—let Waterloo founder, my poor tale will be heard no more.

Yes—History testifies that these scenes are but a tithe of what you and I should witness, were war to visit this Continent. Yet all this your *stewards*, fourteen months ago, were seeking to bring upon you. This is what your hullyung cowards at Washington counted; what your venerated Quincy Adams prayed for. This too is what your President is lending his executive authority to support; what the energies of your Government have been expended upon for a twelvemonth. This is the business of your armies—the glory of your buccanniers—the fame of your generals. This is what your Congress assemble to enact—what your dollars are appropriated for—what your blustering "patriots" are boasting in the gin-shops—what your clergy are advocating in the pulpit—and what your pressers are trumpeting with enthusiasm thro' the land.

These battle scenes wrought into the gorgeous drapery of War, are all re-enacted this year by your dark-minded Rulers and their fierce war-hounds, on the soil of our unhappy Sister. Her fields are flogged, her cities burned, and her citizens butchered.—She is driven from her own territory by bullets and cannon balls. And the man whose right arm has dealt abroad more human misery than a generation of the righteous can remedy, is talked of for the Presidency!

Verily RUM forms no element in this godless Dynasty.

*When the Oregon question was pending.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Maria Edgeworth and Ireland.

The following letter from Maria Edgeworth has just been received by an intimate acquaintance and correspondent:

Edgeworthstown, March 11, 1847.

To the Ladies of America; more particularly to the Ladies of New York:

Dear, kind, and charitable ladies:—You are, as I am informed, well disposed to contribute to the relief of the distressed Irish; but before you yield to your feelings of pity, and pour forth your bounty, you wish to have credible assurance that the accounts which you have seen in the public papers of these distresses are true representations, and not exaggerated pictures.

I am encouraged by some of my many excellent friends in your country to hope that you will not consider my addressing you at this moment as intrusive. I am encouraged to hope that you will believe in the truth of the assurance I give you that the accounts you see in the public papers, one of which I send with this letter, are not exaggerated.—From my long residence in Ireland, during and since the lifetime of my father, R. L. Edgeworth, and from my connections in Ireland, you may infer that I have means of information, and from my public character, so far as you can see it in my writings, or gather it from private friends who have visited this country, I trust that you will believe that I am incapable of exaggerating for any purpose, especially for the purpose of working upon your feelings.

I assure you that, during my sixty-six years residence in Ireland, I never knew of distress equal to the present. I will not give you any private instances—some might touch you deeply but none can or ought to strike you so much as the general information—the positive facts of greatest magnitude, and awful consequences. Famine, disease, death, lamentable, are in all parts of this kingdom—poverty and pestilence in some—and if

the people are not immediately relieved by supplies of food, and enabled by supplies of seed to sow the land, the famine, disease, deaths and pestilence must be still more dreadful next year.

At this moment a vast quantity of the land in Ireland lies untill for want of both men to till and of seed to sow it.

The men who have been employed in public works, now when almost too late they are turned back to till the ground, as tenants or as laborers for themselves or others, have miserably and hardly been supported by their wages at the public works, and cannot now, without wages or with lowered wages, feed themselves or work to prepare a crop for next season.

Food—actual food—is wanted; but seed is more wanted—most wanted—oats and barley. Supply might come from America of barley in time for sowing; Indian corn for food may be had for money—money will relieve all our wants for the present; but without seed our future is hopeless!

I will not add more to this plain statement of facts; but trust actively, my dear ladies, to your good hearts and good understanding.

I sign a name which has been transmitted to me unsolicited by falsehood.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

All the country and city newspapers are respectfully and earnestly requested to copy the above communication from Miss Edgeworth to the ladies of America.

Enslaving.

"Young America," the organ of the National Reformers, relates the following incident, and gives the accompanying advice which we commend to any who may be tempted by the insidious promises of bounty money:

"One of our citizens was in a Court room a few days ago, when a poor man, a waiter by trade, applied to Justice Osborn to be committed to the Tombs. When asked by the Justice what he had done, he answered that it was because he could get nothing to do, that he wanted to be committed, and his family were in a suffering condition. He was told to go to the Alms-house, but said he did not want to go there to do nothing; he was willing to sweep the building or do any other work if he could be sent to the Tombs. A Police officer then asked him if he was willing to enlist to go to Mexico; the man said he did not want to kill any one, but after considering, he asked if he could get a bounty to leave with his family, and on being answered in the affirmative, he went off with the police man, who, no doubt, pocketed the premium of \$2.30 as provided for such cases by the men we pay eight dollars a day to make laws of Congress!

Working men, has it come to this, that you will sell your carcass for a pittance to be used in the business of destroying your fellow workmen of a sister republic? Think how many of your order, of both countries, are now food for vultures in Mexico! In justice to the memory of your patriotic fathers, arouse from your apathy, shake off your chains, and become National Reformers! You have a right to the land without either voting or fighting for it; but if you meet with any poor tool who tells you to fight rather than vote for a farm, fight him rather than go to Mexico!"

The Pittsburgh correspondent of the Philadelphia North American says:

"There was quite an excitement here this day, in consequence of an attempt to kidnap a negro man, on the charge of being a fugitive slave. A very large concourse assembled, and succeeded in rescuing the black, and apprehending the kidnappers. This will prove the first case under the law of the recent Legislature, and as some doubts of its constitutionality have been expressed, it will doubtless be carried to the Court of final resort."

MARRIED.

On the 27 ult., at the house of Oliver Griffith, by Friends' ceremony, THOMAS E. GRISSELL to MARY A. WICKMAN, both of this county.

On the 29th ult., by Joseph Griswell Esq., MR. CHARLES WHITACK to MISS SARAH E. GEARHART.

On the same day, by the same, MR. DAVID MARSH to MISS ANN M. MONTGOMERY, all of this county.

DIED.

Dr. O. H. HARVEY, one of the earliest movers in the anti-slavery enterprise in this State, a well known friend of the slave, at his residence in this place yesterday. The world—the various causes of benevolence—the sacred cause of humanity, in him have lost a devoted friend.

[Communicated.]

Austintown, April 21st, 1847.

WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

It is proposed to hold a Fair, to aid the cause of emancipation, at the time and place of the next Anniversary of the Western Anti-Slavery Society; and the object of this Circular is to invite all, to assist in preparing for that occasion, who are the foes of oppression—who desire that our country shall be redeemed from the rule of tyrants—who wish to break the yoke of the captive, and to repel the aggressions which slavery is making upon our own rights. Whether the contributions shall be worthy of the cause—worthy the high professions of those who stand forth as the friends of liberty, may greatly depend, reader, upon your efforts.—Are you willing to contribute of your abundance or your penury? Are you willing to stimulate others to good works, and unite with them to bring your neighborhood offering, and lay it upon the altar of humanity? If you have neither silver nor gold, are you willing to consecrate a portion of what you do possess to this cause? Let the farmer and his wife bring grain and wool, brooms and baskets, cloth and other manufactured articles—let the dairy maid come with her cheese, and the butter and tinner, the saddler and shoe-maker present such needful things as their several handicrafts can furnish—let the merchant contribute liberally of his stock, and those who are skillful with the needle bring such useful and fancy articles as their ingenuity may devise.

The proceeds of this Fair will be appropriated to the support of the Anti-Slavery movement in the West, either by placing them at the disposal of the Western Anti-Slavery Society or applying them by direction of the donors to some branch of this reform in harmony with the views of that Society.

The cause for which we ask you to labor is one which is fraught with the deepest interest to millions of our race—it meets with favor from the virtuous and the good, and is approved by the Father of the oppressed.—We affectionately invite you to share the toil and the reward of this work—we appeal to you in the name of MAN, robbed and outraged—we ask you to be true to the instincts of your better nature, and to prove by your actions that you appreciate the blessings of liberty and the safe-guards of virtue.

THE CAUSE FOR WHICH WE ASK YOU TO LABOR is one which is fraught with the deepest interest to millions of our race—it meets with favor from the virtuous and the good, and is approved by the Father of the oppressed.—We affectionately invite you to share the toil and the reward of this work—we appeal to you in the name of MAN, robbed and outraged—we ask you to be true to the instincts of your better nature, and to prove by your actions that you appreciate the blessings of liberty and the safe-guards of virtue.

BETSEY M. COWLES, Austintown, LUDIA IRISH, New Lisbon, JANE D. MCNEAL, Greene, MARY DONALDSON, do, MARY L. HOWELL, Painesville, SUSAN MARSHALL, do, MARIA L. GIDDINGS, Jefferson, MERCEY LLOYD, Elysville, MARY ANN HADSON, Medina, FREDERICK ANN CARROLL, Ravenna, MARTHA J. VIGOR, do, SARAH M. E. DONALDSON, New Richmond, RUTH DODDAGE, Green Plain, ELIZABETH BOSTON, Selma, MARIA WHITMORE, Andover, REBECCA S. THOMAS, Mariborough, MARY S. DICKINSON, Chagrin Falls, SARAPPA BROWN, New Lyme, ELIZA COWLES, Geneva, ZELFAR BARNARD, Mt. Union, HARRIET N. TORNEY, Parkman, ELIZABETH A. STEWART, Randolph, CORNELIA SMALLY, do, ELIZABETH BUTTERWORTH, Hopkinstown, ANN WALKER, Leaville, MARY GRISWOLD, New Garden, ELIZA HOLMES, Columbiana, LEAH VOLLEGESON, do, ANNA C. FELLER, Stockly, CORNELIA R. COWLES, Buffalo, N. Y., LAURA BARNARD, Salem, J. ELIZABETH JONES, do.

[It was expected that other towns would be represented, but the names of the persons who were written to, have not yet been received. We hope the friends at Chagrin Falls, Richfield, Grafton, Canfield, Deerfield, New Richmond, Brunswick, New Brighton, West Middleton, Cleveland, Cincinnati and many other places will co-operate with us in this proposed work.]

American Anti-Slavery Society.

THIRTEENTH ANNIVERSARY.

The Thirteenth Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society will be held in the Tabernacle, Broadway, N. Y., the 11th day of May. The increasing interest in the Anti-Slavery cause promises an unusually large and important meeting. The bold encroachments of the slave power upon the rights of the North, and the active measures of the slaveholders to extend and perpetuate the curse of human bondage, are awakening the people to a sense of their position both as oppressors and oppressed. All the activity and zeal of the friends of the slave are needed to arouse the country to the conviction that the only safety of the whole people is in adopting the principle of the American Anti-Slavery Society, of

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!

The place of the business meetings will be announced hereafter.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.

WENDILL PHILLIPS, Secretaries.

S. H. GAY, do.

Receipts.

Harriet Hart, Mogadore,	1.00-106
A. Root, Grafton,	75-87
G. S. Pomroy, do,	25-69
Thomas Bishop, Columbiana,	1.50-52
John Wideman, Navarre,	3.00-104
E. R. Phillips, Mt. Union,	3.00-104
A. V. Rogers, Dillon P. O.,	1.50-106
W. L. K. Ys, Hill-boro,	1.50-110
Edwin Sharpless, Lowellville,	1.50-120
J. H. Clewell, Canfield,	1.50-104
H. Scott, Bedford,	1.50-137
Joseph Terry, New Lyme,	3.00-104
Prudence Putnam, Rome,	1.50-91
A. B. Hatch, Bundrysburg,	37-125
Nancy Blood, Parkman,	25-78
Stephen Pixley, Richfield,	1.00-94
M. Tharpe, do,	1.00
George McClellan, Bath,	75-95

[Please take notice, that in the acknowledged statement of subscription money for the Bugle, not only is the amount received placed opposite the subscribers' names, but also the number of the paper to which he has paid, and which will be found in the outside column of figures.]

Anti-Slavery Books

Kept constantly on hand by J. Elizabeth Jones, among which are

The Fort Hope, Memoir of Torrey, Fact and Fiction, Anti-Slavery Alphabet, Madison Papers, Narrative of Douglass, The Liberty Cap, Brotherhood of Thieves, Slaveholder's Religion, Christian Non-Resistance, Disunionist, &c.

N. B. Most of the above works can be procured of Betsey M. Cowles, Austintown.

C. DONALDSON & CO.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL HARDWARE MERCHANTS. Keep constantly on hand a general assortment of HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.

No. 18 MAIN ST. CINCINNATI.

July 17, '46

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES.

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES. (Eastern and Western.) Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oil and Dye Stuffs, cheap as the cheapest, and good as the best, constantly for sale at

W. T. BROWN, TREASURER

Salem, O. lat. 38th

POETRY.

From the National Era. What the Voice Said.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Maddened by Earth's wrong and evil,
"Lord!" I cried in sudden ire,
"From thy right hand, clothed with thunder,
Shake the bolted fire!

"Love is lost, and Faith is dying;
With the brute the man is sold;
And the dropping blood of labor
Hardens into gold.

"Here the dying wail of famine,
There the battle's groan of pain;
And, in silence, smooth-faced Mammon
Reaping men like grain.

"Where is God, that we should fear him?
Thus the earth-born Titans say;
"God? if thou art living here, say,
Thus the weak ones pray.

"Thou, the patient Heaven upraising,
Speaks a solemn Voice within;
"Weary of our Lord's forbearance,
Art thou free from sin?

"Fearless brow to Him uplifting,
Canst thou for His thunder call,
Knowing that to guilt's attraction
Evermore they fall?

"Know'st thou not all germs of evil
In thy heart await their time?
Not thyself, but God's restraining,
Stays their growth of crime.

"Could'st thou boast, oh child of weakness,
O'er the sons of wrong and strife,
Were there strong temptations planted
In thy path of life?

"Thou hast seen two streamlets gushing
From one fountain, clear and free,
But by widely varying channels
Searching for the sea.

"Gledest one through greenest valleys,
Kissing them with lips still sweet;
One, mad-tearing down the mountains,
Stagnates at their feet.

"Is it choice whereby the Parson
Kneels before his mother's fire?
In his black tank did the Tatar
Choose his wandering sire?

"He alone, whose hand is bounding
Human power and human will,
Looking through each soul's surrounding,
Knows its good or ill.

"For thyself, while wrong and sorrow
Make to thee their strong appeal,
Coward wert thou not to crier
What the heart must feel.

"Earnest words must needs be spoken
When the warm heart bleeds or burns
With its scorn of wrong, or pity
For the wronged, by turns.

"But, by all thy nature's weakness,
Hidden faults and follies known,
Be thou, in rebuking evil,
Conscious of thine own.

"Not the less shall sternest duty
To thy lips her trumpet set,
But with harp's chords shall mingle
Wailings of regret."

"Cease not, Voice of holy speaking,
Teacher sent of God, be near,
Whispering through the day's cool silence,
Let my spirit hear!

"So, when thoughts of evil doers
Waken scorn or hatred more,
Shall a mournful fellow-feeling
Temper all with love.

The Waning Moon.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

I've watched too late; the moon is near;
One look at God's broad, silent sky!
Oh, hopes and wishes vainly dear,
How in your very strength ye die!

Even while the glow is on your cheek,
And scarce the high pursuit begun,
The heart grows faint, the hand grows weak,
The task of life is left undone.

See where upon the horizon's brim
Lies the still cloud in gloomy bars;
The waning moon, all pale and dim,
Goes up amid the eternal stars.

Late, in a flood of tender light
She floated through the etherial blue,
A softer sun, that shone all night
Upon the gathering beads of dew.

And still thou warest, pallid moon!
The encroaching shadow grows apace;
Heaven's everlasting watchers soon
Shall see the blotched from thy place.

Oh, Night's dethroned and crownless queen!
Well may thy sad, expiring ray
Be shed on those whose eyes have seen
Hope's glorious visions fade away.

Shine thou for forms that once were bright,
For fancies in the mine's cellops,
For those whose words were spells of might,
But fatter now on stammering lips!

In thy decaying beam there lies
Full many a grave on hill and plain,
Of those who closed their dying eyes
In grief that they had lived in vain.

Another night, and thou art gone,
The spheres of Heaven shall cease to shine,
All replies in the glittering throng
Whose lustre late was quenched in thine.

Yet soon a new and tender light
From out thy darkened orb shall beam,
And brighter still it shines all night
On glistering dew and glimmering stream.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN ADDRESS.

Delivered by THOMAS MORGAN (a student from the vicinity,) on the evening of the close of the winter session of Marlboro Seminary on behalf of the Literary Association constituted therewith. Published by request of the Students.

FELLOW SCHOLAR—In compliance with the request of the Literary Society, I stand before you, as its representative. And in doing so, I shall not attempt to represent the sentiments or the feelings of that Association; but merely on its behalf to give you my own. The purposes for which we have spent the winter here—the occasion upon which we are now met are full of interest and full of importance. The cultivation of the mind and the acquisition of useful knowledge, are among the highest and the noblest objects of human pursuit. The history of the world in every age, and in all time is full of demonstration of the fact that knowledge is power. Even in the dark ages of barbarism, when the common herd of mankind exhibited nothing more than mere animal propensities—when the gratification of the lower and baser faculties of the mind were the highest objects of human desire—when war and bloodshed were the distinguishing characteristics of humanity—when the whole green earth was one vast slaughter house, one mighty temple of carnage and blood—when conquest and victory were the highest objects of human ambition and human hope—even then knowledge commanded respect and influence. And although the sun of science had not yet dawned upon the world—although human nature and human rights were shrouded in impenetrable gloom—and although superstition and tyranny brooded darkly and terribly over creation, yet he who was best skilled in the schemes and stratagems of death, who knew best the rude arts of the age, was always the most honored and the most successful; and that nation which possessed the greatest degree of intelligence was always the most powerful and rich. Thus Rome, by the wisdom of her senate, and the superior knowledge of her citizens, once awayed her imperial scepter over the world! And he who knew best how to play upon the governing passions of the mind, who, with the master hand of Eloquence, could strike the chord, and awake whatever note he pleased in the human bosom, was the ruler of his brethren. He could call out at pleasure the wildest tempest of passion, and then say to the mad billows, "Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther." He could stir up the deep fountains of mind, and then roll back the swelling surges of the tide and speak peace to the troubled waters. Thus Demosthenes was once the monarch of Athens, and the ruler of the world. The thunders of his eloquence were more powerful, more effective, than the roaring of the cannon or the clashing of the sword. Thus Cicero was once the arbiter of Rome. When he spoke, attention hung upon his lips; when he reasoned, conviction seized his periods; when he exhorted or entreated, obedience flew to perform his utmost wish. And thus the sages and philosophers, the magicians and poets, although their powers were less complete and their course less brilliant, were still the organs and oracles of the world, to whom their more ignorant brethren bowed in humble submission, reverence and devotion. Whether combined with virtue or with vice—whether exerted to promote the happiness of the race, the personal ambition of its possessor, knowledge has always been supreme. Mahomed, by his superior wisdom, succeeded in establishing his hateful religion, and in palming upon his followers the most detestable system of superstition and tyranny; and so complete was his power, so perfect his triumph, that the people regarded him as a god and cheerfully bowed their necks to his yoke. They even regarded it the most glorious privilege to die in extending the limits of his empire and spreading the blessings of his glorious Koran. The history of modern nations and the Christian church is full of examples of the triumph of knowledge over ignorance. Painful and heart-rending examples though they are; examples in which that power has been prostituted for the vilest purposes, and used to crush rather than redeem the world; examples in which humanity has been sacrificed upon the altar of an insatiate ambition, and thrones and churches built upon the bones and cemented with the blood of the ignorant and deluded; yet striking examples of the power of knowledge. Catholicism, with its learned priests and its splendid enginery of delusion, has exercised the most fatal tyranny over the minds of its victims. It has reared its mighty temples and its gorgeous altars upon the prostrate ruins of Humanity. And Protestantism, although a step in advance, although less demonic in its features, less fiendish in its character, has still ruled with a rod of iron, and has still furnished abundant evidence of the truth of our proposition. But the influence of knowledge is not limited to war or government; it extends to every object in the wide creation, whether animate or inanimate, whether mineral or vegetable, solid or liquid, whatever are its properties, or whatever its form. By the aid of knowledge man is, indeed, the lord of creation. He can conquer and tame the most rebellious subjects in nature, and make them minister to his own gratification and happiness. What has not already accomplished! There was a time when all men roamed like wild beasts over

the earth and like them burrowed in dens and caves, or built rude huts of sticks for shelter, when their only clothing was the skins, and their only food the flesh of animals, and the spontaneous productions of nature. They were unable to procure better because they were ignorant. But as civilization advanced, as they became more wise, that wisdom was manifested by the erection of houses and in the cultivation of the soil.

And now behold the contrast! Where was once the impenetrable wilderness, now waves the golden harvest! Where was once the deep shade of unbroken forest, now stands the splendid city, with its noble dwellings, its halls of science, its crowded streets and its busy wharfs. Where once no sound broke upon the gloomy solitude of nature but the dreary moaning of the wind, the howls of savage beasts and the yells of savage men, can now be heard the tramping of busy feet, the clanking of machinery, the hum of business and the song of pleasure. Every age has added some new improvement to the past. Every generation has contributed its experience and its observation to the sum of wisdom already acquired. Past ages have been occupied in the intervals of war, by the erection of magnificent cities, gorgeous palaces, splendid temples, mighty pyramids, lofty towers, tremendous fortifications, together with engines for war and instruments of death. But it remains for the present age to exhibit the most glorious and triumphant achievements of enlightened intellect. Ours is, indeed, an age of wonder, an age in which "truth is stranger than fiction," an age in which the wildest conceptions of fancy are surpassed by the brilliant reality of truth, an age in which the most extravagant pictures of romantic fiction are more than realized by the sublime achievements of philosophy. In their eagerness for the marvelous and strange, men have imagined many extravagant and wonderful things; but it has never entered into their minds to conceive, until science exhibited the fact, that ships without cars or sails could be made to stem contrary winds and waves, and "walk the waters like a thing of life," or that boats, without any visible cause, should make swift progress against the rapid current of the river—that horses could be made of iron, with hearts of fire and sinews of steel, whose speed would outstrip the wind, and whose strength could never be measured—that the lightning of heaven could be tamed and made to toil in the service of man. Yet these and a thousand other things equally strange are everyday facts to the people of this age. On every lake and sea and ocean, steamships ride in stately grandeur, scorning alike the opposition of the tempest and the tide; but bearing right on word in their course, they distribute the commerce of the world. On every river steamboats ply their courses, laden with the comforts and the luxuries of life. And where nature has failed to supply rivers, railroads have been constructed, on which long trains of cars, laden with passengers or freight, and drawn by powerful locomotives, are continually passing with almost incredible speed. In our country all the principal cities are being connected by a chain of electric-telegraphs, swift-winged messengers of intelligence, which annihilate space and bring cities, that are hundreds of miles apart, into whispering distance. The application of the power of steam, and the infinite perfection to which machinery of every kind has arrived, has destroyed the drudgery of labor and rendered it comparatively light and pleasant. All over the civilized world may be heard the whistling of steam, the clanking of machinery, and "the eternal din of looms and spindles." Iron sinews and iron fingers are every where tolling with incredible rapidity and untiring industry in the service of enlightened man. Almost every stream, from the murmuring brook to the majestic river, is turned aside from its course to perform some labor for its master. Who shall say, then, in view of all this, that the acquisition of knowledge is not of the utmost importance? And in view of the achievements of the past, who will presume to limit the possible attainments of the future? Who will dare to say to enlightened thought, "Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther," and here shall thy triumph cease! When we take into consideration the increasing facilities for acquiring knowledge—when we look around and behold the world full of printing presses, bright engines of immortality, scattering intelligence broadcast over creation, and handing down to posterity the accumulated wisdom of all past ages—when we see the colleges, academies and schools that are fast springing into existence, and the growing interest that is daily manifested in the subject of Education, who will say that as Isaac Newton, a Dr. Franklin, a Robert Fulton may not yet arise, who shall discover some new beauty, or develop some new principle in science that will eclipse all that has gone before it, and diminish to insignificance all that has yet been discovered? But I stop not here. Knowledge has a nobler, a more divine attribute. And although to some of you it may sound like presumption, yet when applied to the whole race of mankind, I boldly venture the assertion that knowledge is happiness! That just in proportion as we become possessors of true knowledge will we be happy and the purposes of our existence be fulfilled. We are endowed with certain faculties and feelings, intended by certain general principles or natural laws; the perfect harmony of which con-

stitute perfect happiness. Those laws contain within themselves the penalties of their violation and the rewards of their fulfillment. There is no evasion, no escape. They are unrelenting, inexorable and immutable. The plea of ignorance or accident availeth naught. The person who puts his hand in the fire suffers equally whether he did it through ignorance, accident or malice. So with every thing else belonging to our moral, mental or physical nature. The healthy gratification and exercise of every faculty gives us pleasure, while its prevention or violation gives us pain. But it is impossible for us to harmonize with the laws of our being as long as we are ignorant of them. We cannot obey laws that we do not understand, nor set upon principles we do not comprehend. So long as we continue to float on the ocean of chance, tossed by the gales of passion, and borne in every direction alternately, to suit each passing breeze, so long we must be wrecked and grounded on the shoals and rocks of wretchedness and uncertainty; but when we have learned to regulate our sails to suit the breeze, mark our course by the compass, and placed a skillful pilot at the helm, then shall we be able to stem the contending billows and ride in smooth, untroubled majesty into our destined port. To do this we must have knowledge. We must understand the nature of wind and water, their relation to each other, and that of the vessel in which we sail. We must know the effect that every action will have upon her progress. We must know the use of every mast, rope and sail on board. We must know the situation of every bar and snag and rock that lies in our path. This knowledge is the pilot of the ship of life, and just in proportion as that pilot is perfect, so is our chance to gain the port of happiness; and in proportion as it is defective, so is the danger of being lost.

But aside from these, there are considerations of self-interest, as well as the duty which, as social beings, we owe to our race, which are of sufficient moment to prompt us to act. The time is coming when respectability will no longer be gauged on a scale of gold—when titled wealth will no longer be the standard of power and influence. But when men shall be known and honored in proportion as they are intelligent and useful—when true merit shall be appreciated and acknowledged—when he shall be most respected who is the wisest and the best.—The signs of the times are onward and upward to perfection. A mighty work is going on in the world. Revolution follows revolution; change succeeds to change; reform follows upon reform. Great advances have already been made. Much has been accomplished to remove the cause of misery and unhappiness. Noble hearts and willing hands are engaged in the promotion of human disenthralment. But much still remains to be done. There is yet a wide field of action open for the Reformer and the Philanthropist. The monster vice of Intemperance, with his host of direful attendants, still stalks abroad in the world. The noxious pestilential vapors yet arise from thousands of distilleries, polluting the very heavens with their foul infections. The very air you breathe is yet tainted with the hot breath of the inebriate. Our jails, our penitentiaries, our insane asylums, are literally crowded with the wretched victims of the destroyer. The sobs and tears of the heart-broken wife—the cries of starving children, mingled with the hoarse screams of the drunkard father, or the maniac screams of the victim of delirium tremens, yet arise on every breeze. The ghastly demon of Slavery yet feeds upon the vitals of humanity, and fattens upon the hearts' blood of the race. The wronged and degraded African is not its only victim. Its influence is by no means limited to the three million slaves that now toil and bleed and die beneath the whips and chains of the South. So long as there lives a slave on earth the freedom of every individual is in danger. Let the proclamation go forth that slavery is right—let but silence give sanction to the monstrous doctrine that man may be the property of man—let it be decided that man was born to be a tyrant or a slave, to wear the galling fetter, or wield the bloody lash, and Liberty is but a name, an unmeaning sound; human dignity a phantom of imagination. For the same principle, the same fiendish spirit that will make the colored man a slave, will rivet the fetter on your white limbs whenever it has the power.—And the same spirit that invades the domestic relations of the colored man, violates the noblest feelings of his heart and tramples upon the fondest ties of his nature, will tear your wife from your arms whenever sordid interest demands it and public opinion sanctions the deed. But if your interests were not affected, if your rights were not endangered, is it not enough to rouse you that there are those whose rights are all invaded? Is it not enough that they are robbed of their humanity and crushed beneath the level of the brute? Is it not enough that such monstrous atrocities should be perpetrated upon the weakest of Humanity's children? Yet this foul and bloody system, this withering, blighting curse of our race, forming as it does a seething hot-bed of crime and pollution, is protected and shielded by the strong arm of government. The most sanguinary laws are made and enforced for its defense. It is fostered and nourished in the very bosom of the Church. Yes, the church, the infallible church, the visible emblem of

Christ's kingdom on earth has thrown around it the sacred sanction of its holy religion.—It has even ordained and baptised it in the name and by the authority of the founder of that religion. And in the precincts of that church the monster finds his strongest hold. Beneath the droppings of the holy sanctuary he finds his safest retreat. If his citadel is attacked or his character assailed, he has but to fly to the horns of the altar, and a thousand priests, with their bibles in their hands, stand forth in his defense. Thus surrounded and supported, thus shielded and protected, he bids defiance to our efforts. The wretched yet slavish his savage thirst in human gore. Nation yet rises against nation—men still delight to imbrue their hands in the blood of their brothers. The roar of the cannon and the clashing of the sword, mingled with the groans of the dying—the wailing of the widow and the cries of the orphan may yet be heard all over the world. The blood of the race yet flows like water, in warm copious libations at the shrine of military ambition. Poverty, like the deadly Upas, yet casts its dark withering shadows over creation. One portion of mankind are yet struggling for a bare existence, toiling only to live and living only to die. Thousands are actually perishing for want, and starving in the midst of plenty which their own hands have produced, while another and more favored class revel in unbounded luxury and wealth which they never contributed to produce and which they cannot enjoy. Superstition, bigotry and intolerance yet roll their Juggernaut wheels over society, crushing out every thing that is noble and lovely in human character.—While all these sources of misery remain, is it for you to fold your arms in listless apathy and look with cold indifference on what others have accomplished! It remains for you, in common with the rising generation, to say whether such enormities shall continue to be perpetrated—whether humanity shall still be goaded to madness by its mistaken struggle after happiness.

In conclusion I would say to you, young ladies, I point you not to the gay and glittering rounds of heartless fashion; I point you not to the giddy scenes of thoughtless pleasure; I point you not to the bright butterfly life which mistaken custom has awarded to the more favored of your sex—much less would I have you live a life of drudgery and toil—much less would I have you heartless, soulless kitchen slaves, whose only mission is to labor and die. I would have you noble, intelligent and great—bright ornaments to your sex and an honor to your race. And you, young gentlemen, I point you not to presidential chairs; I point you not to legislative halls; I point you not to honors and emoluments of office, nor to the glittering pomp of wealth and splendor. For you I would reserve a higher and a nobler destiny. I would have you the benefactors of mankind. I would say to you all, may that happiness which is the reward of great and benevolent actions be forever yours.

The Little Match Girl. A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY H. C. ANDERSEN.

It was terribly cold. It snowed, and the evening began to be dark; it was also the last evening in the year—New Year's Eve. On this dark, cold evening, a poor little girl went into the street with bare head and naked feet. It is true she had shoes on when she went from home—but of what use were they! They were very large shoes—her mother had worn them, they were so large; and the little one lost them in hurrying over the street as two carriages passed quickly by. One shoe was not to be found, and the other a boy ran away with, saying that he could use it for a candle when he had children himself.

The little girl now went on her small naked feet, which were red and blue with cold.—She carried a number of matches in an old apron, and held one bundle in her hand. No one had bought of her the whole day—no one had given her a farthing. Poor thing! she was hungry and benumbed with cold, and looked so downcast. The snow flakes fell on her yellow hair, which curled so prettily round her neck, but she did not heed that.

The light shone out from all the windows, and there was such a delicious smell of roast goose in the street! It was New Year's Eve, and she thought of that! She sat down in the corner between two houses—there she stood a little more forward in the street, than the other, and drew her legs up under her to warm herself, but still she was cold, and she durst not go home, for she had not sold any matches or got a single farthing! Her father would beat her; and it was also cold at home; they had only the roof directly over them—and there the wind whistled in, although straw and rags were stuffed in the largest crevices.

Her little hands were almost benumbed with cold. Ah! a little match might do some good, durst she only draw one out of the bundle, strike it on the wall and warm her fingers. She drew one out, *rich!* how it burnt! it was a warm, clear flame like that of a little candle, when she held her hand round it—it was a strange light!

Then the match went out, and there was only the thick cold wall to be seen. She struck another match. Then she sat under the most charming Christmas tree—it was still larger and more ornamented than she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's the last Christmas; a thousand candles burnt in the green branches; and motley pictures, like those which ornamented the shop windows, looked down upon her. The little girl lifted up both her hands—then the match was extinguished—the many Christmas candles rose higher and higher, she saw they were bright stars—one of them fell and made a fiery stripe in the sky. "Now one dies!" said the poor girl, for old grandmother, who alone had been kind to her, but who was now dead, had told her that when a star falls a soul goes up to God! She again struck a match against the wall; it shone all around, and her old grandmother stood in the lustre as shining, so mild and blissful. "Grandmother!" exclaimed the little girl, "oh I know you will be gone away when the match goes out—like the warm stove, the delicious roast goose, and the delightful Christmas tree!" and she struck in haste the whole remainder of matches that was in the bundle—she would not lose sight of grandmother, and the matches shone with such brilliancy that it was clearer than in broad daylight. Grandmother had never looked so pretty, so great; she lifted the poor little girl up in her arms, and they flew so high in splendor and joy, and there was no cold, no hunger, no anxiety—they were with God.

But the little girl sat in the corner by the house, in the cold morning hour, with red cheeks, and with a smile round her mouth—dead—frozen to death, the last evening of the old year.

New Year's morning rose over the little corpse as it sat with the matches of which a bundle was burnt. She had been trying to warm herself, said they! But no one knew what beautiful things she had seen—in what splendor and gladness she had entered with her old grandmother into New Year's joys.

MEDICAL.

DRS. COPE & HOLE.
Have associated for the practice of medicine. Having practised the WATER-CURE, until they are satisfied of its unequalled value, in the treatment not only of chronic but acute diseases, they are prepared to offer their professional services on the following conditions. In all acute diseases, when called early, and when proper attention is given by the nurses, if they fail to effect cures, they will ask no fees. Residence east end of Salem. January 1, 1847.

CHEAP FOR CASH.

The proprietors of the Salem **HARDWARE AND DRUG STORE**, have just received their full supply of **NEW HARDWARE AND FRESH DRUGS.** The patronage of their old customers, and the public generally is respectfully solicited. **CHESSMAN & WRIGHT.** Salem 11th mo 1, 1846.

THE SALEM BOOK-STORE.

Has changed hands, and the New Firm having made considerable additions to the old stock, respectfully solicit the patronage of the old customers and the public. They are constantly receiving **SUPPLIES FROM THE EAST**, of Books and Stationery, and Articles in their line not on hand will be ordered on short notice. They will try to keep such an assortment and sell on such terms that no one need have an excuse for not reading. Schools and Merchants supplied on liberal terms.

GALBREATH & HOLMES.
D. L. GALBREATH,
JESSE HOLMES,
Salem, 1st mo 25th, 1846.

REMOVAL.

GEORGE OAN has removed from the house of Ely, Kent & Brock, to the large and extensive Dry Goods house of **LUDWIG, KNEEDLER & CO.** No. 110, North 3d st., where he would be glad to have his Anti-Slavery friends call before making their Spring purchases elsewhere. Philadelphia, Jan. 7th, 1847.—76.

WATER CURE.

DR. J. D. COPE
Has just completed an addition to his Water Cure Establishment in Salem. He is now prepared to secure to an increased number of patients the full advantages of the Hydropathic practice. Salem, Dec. 1846.

LOOKING GLASSES.

In connection with **Hardware and Drugs**, the subscribers have a large supply of new and handsome styles of large and small Looking Glasses and Looking Glass plates. Old frames refilled and glass cutting done to order. **CHESSMAN & WRIGHT.** Salem, 11th mo 1, 1846.

JUST RECEIVED

A Large and Complete Assortment of **PHONOGRAPHIC BOOKS,** And also a full set of **FOWLER'S WORKS** by Galbreath & Holmes, and for sale at the **SALEM BOOK-STORE.** March 22, 1847.